THE CASE OF THE SAILOR. A PLEA FOR JUSTICE FOR THE CREWS

OF DEEP WATER SHIPS. Why Seamen Submit to Abuse That Landsmen Would Resent -Brutality and Injustice From Which They Are Sald to Suffer "The Red Record"-Remedies Suggested.

Copyright, 1900, by Morgan Robertson. An unsigned book review treating of Alexander J. Boyd's "The Shellback," contains the

"There is at all events this to be said for the officers of a deep water ship: They are very commonly under the absolute necessity of aweing into subjection rufflanly crews of potential mutineers who outnumber them twenty to one; and if they resort to rough measures it is fair to presume that they do so quite as much from a knowledge of the men they have to deal

with as from mere wanton cruelty." The writer of this says a few other things to the same effect and of no account beyond the labored correctness of his style. This correctness, his cocksureness and his habitat would indicate that he is young and a student of W. Russell; if so the years will probably bring him punishment, tutelage and wisdom and what follows here is in no sense an answer to him; only as the paragraph quoted above crystallizes a very common and popular opinion of eatlormen it is used as a text for this argument-and flatly denied to begin with.

The deep water sailor does not outnumber his officers twenty to one, nor is he a "poten-With twenty men before the mast there are at the other end of the ship a entain, two or three mates, a steward and cabin boy, and as allies from the forward end, one or two boatswains, a cook and a carpenterthe last very handy with a broadaxe. Here at the most, are ten men to awe "potential mutineers," at the least, six. There are arms enough in the cabin-aside from the broadaxe ned-to equip this police force, while the sailors have none, and are seldom allowed to carry sheath knives. As testimony to the efficiency of the system and the safety of the afterguard, at sea with a large number of men in the forecastle, consider the few cases of muting, or even mild insubordination, that have occurred in American ships in the past generation. The deep water sailor is the last man on earth to wish mutiny. He is a rough, ignorant, hard working man, with large endurance, and never having received his share of treatment, his patience goes hand in hand with his endurance, and his respect for authority is a matter of faith.

Mutineers can be drawn from the rest of humanity, but not from trained sailors. It is safe to predict that if an American ship put out from a New York dock with a crew of landsmen, gathered from any grade in life, there would take place this side of Sandy Hook one of the liveliest mutinies ever imagined. It would be based upon the common self respect and sense of injury displayed by tormented kittens, spanked babies, bisected angle worms and other units of organic life in the presence of wrong-which is all but trained out of the soul of the able seaman. He will resent an injury on shore, but at sea, while willing to risk his life daily for the good of the ship, he will submit tamely to insult and cruelty that would goad the average landsman to murder.

There is something strange in the apathetic submission to wrong of a man with muscles of steel and courage above the average something incomprehensible from the ordinary viewpoint, and only plain to him who has worked before the mast long enough to become imbued with the ethics of his calling. The sailor really suffers from diverted development; his pride in himself as a man gives way to a pride in himself as a seaman. He is prouder of his ability to do as he is told -to perform an almost impossible and useless task at the behest of an officer-than he would be of his ability to thrash the officer. Many a man goes to what he knows is his death-over the side in a gale, out forward on a sprung jibboom, or aloft to a rotten and stranded foot rope -from pure inability to realize that he has a human right to his life. In him the first law of nature is subverted; preservation of life

we require the same self-sacrifice and abnegation from soldiers, policemen and firemen, and enact little legislation for their benefit; but living on shore, as they do, they are able to take reasonably good care of themselves from their more intimate acquaintance with common law and the limitations of their fellow men. The sailor, ignorant of the world, and of men, and of his own rights, is the subject of more legislation than is any other craftsman, but most of this treats of his duties to his superiors, and the punishments to be dealt him for insolence, insubordination, desertion, smuggling, mutiny, murder and such crimes, while the little that is enacted for his benefit has usually been twisted so as to work to his harm; for instance, the law requiring advance wages or allotment of wages as it now stands, which ostensibly procures him an outfit of clothing to go to sea with, has for generations kept him in the power of the board-

generations kept him in the power of the boarding masters, or crimps.

Again, deeming it a hardship for a sailor to be paid off at a foreign port, far from home, some wiseacres, now dead, once passed a law that he be brought back to an American port of discharge. This compact was of necessity binding upon the sailor as well; he could not leave his ship in a foreign port without incurring the penalties of desertion, loss of money due and effects left behind, as well as imprisonment if caught. So, in foreign ports where men are plenty and wages low, the sailor who has a goodly sum due him and would like to stay by his ship, finish the voyage, and be paid off with his own, is first refused shore leave, then hunted, hounded and hit with flats and clubs, until he is glad to desert to preserve the wholeness of his skin—which is just what the captain wants him to do; for the back wages and clothing left behind are forfeit to the owners, and a man can be shipped to be a lower rate of new Yer. the back wages and clothing forfeit to the owners, and a man can be shipped forfeit to the owners, and a man can be shipped

the back wages and clothing left behind are forfeit to the owners, and a man can be shipped in his place at a lower rate of pay. Yet, in the face of this distinct advantage to the captain, he will often appeal to the local authorities, put that recreant sallor in jail for desertion, and go to sea without him.

But these two statutes merely conduce to robbery—of his money and of his liberty; and, strange as it may seem, considering that his pay seldom rises above \$18 a month, it is the least of his troubles, for he rarely enjoys the luxury of spending his own money, and most jails are as roomy as a ship at sea. It is his treatment on board ship—treatment that robs him of his common humanity and wears out his soul—which troubles him most, and at rare intervals brings him into court as a futile complainant. Futile because he is not successful. He never will be successful in a legal hunt for redress so long as Judges, Consuls and Commissioners will put him in jail as a witness while they permit the captain or mate to furnish ball, which amounts to a license to go to sea. All the laws which may be passed by intelligent lawmakers will not help the sallor unless some means can be devised to compel the instant trial of an accused.

or mate to furnish ball, which amounts to a license to go to sea. All the laws which may be passed by intelligent lawmakers will not help the sailor unless some means can be devised to compel the instant trial of an accused captain or officer; for the sailor has neither time nor money. He must go to sea to live. Can any such incentive to official honesty be found and employed? There are those, knowing of the horrors of the American "helliship," who say that the matter will be adjusted when this country needs sailors to man her growing navy; that then, wide awake to the necessity of nourishing and protecting a reserve to draw upon, an aroused and anxious populace will rise up in all the force of its oft quoted "public sentiment" and insist upon justice to the merchant sailor.

No such exigency will occur, unless we go back to the old type of wooden men-of-war. For as raw material for the floating machine shops which we call warships, the merchant sailor has but two points of advantage over carpenters, machinists, clerks and other wage earners; his immunity from seasickness and his ability to handle an oar

Other observers are willing to leave the matter to Providence, saying that the wrongs of the sailor are only a part of the general social and labor problems, and must be left to work themselves out. Exactly, but social evolution comes only of human effort and until the two statutes mentioned above—those relating to discharge in foreign ports, and to allotment of wages—are repealed, the sailor will be robbed by the crimp on shore and by the captain and owner at sea.

Yet such repeal will in no wise effect a mittigation of his treatment at the hands of brutal skippers and mates. He will still be cursed, beaten and worked, up to his extreme limits of endurance until his average life of twelve years at sea expiring, he will still be cursed, beaten and worked, up to his extreme limits of endurance until his average life of twelve years at sea expiring, he will still be sailor that it is a potential mutineer, a scou

the Peace to give him full benefit of the laws designed to punish, while denying him the benefit of those framed to protect him.

For there are such laws and they have been on the statute books for years. But what good have they done? How many captains and mates have been hanged, or even imprisoned, within the memory of any reader of this, for the murder of a sailor at sea? The Coast Seamen's Journal of San Francisco has published a list of crimes at sea covering a period of ten years—from 1888 to 1808—in a paniphlet entitled "The Red Record." The Black Record would be a fitter name, for a blacker shame does not rest upon this Republic. In these ten years ninety-two cases were tried in the courts of our large scaports, and only seven convictions resulted. Fifteen of this list were cases of murder. Only one of the seven conv does not rest upon this tequonic. It is ten years ninety-two cases were tried in the courts of our large scaports, and only seven convictions resulted. Fifteen of this list were cases of murder. Only one of the seven convictions showed a result that looked in any way hopeful for the sailor. First Mate Smith of the ship Benjamin Sewall, who persecuted a sailor until he committed suicide, was sentenced to Fort Townsend. Wash, to a year's imprisonment and to a fine of \$1,000 and costs. Yet the maximum penalty for this man's crime is five years' imprisonment and an equal fine. Where were the extenuating circumstances which mitigated his offence? He was not convicted of murder, yet, is deliberate murder, punishable by death, worse than the driving of a man to suicide?

In the other eighty-five cases the accused captains and officers were either "exonerated" or acquitted on the ground of "lack of evidence," "justifiable discipline," or because "no official" charge had been made. And yet this horrid list of torture and death contains only recorded cases. How much of unrecorded, uncomplained-of murder and assault has occurred in that ten years?

There are people so constituted mentally that if this bare record of crime were placed before them to read and digest, they could not bring themselves to believe it, because it lacks the "local color" generally given to accounts of crime in the newspapers. To such is recommended Paul Eve Stevenson's book. "By Way of Cape Horn." It is a journal written from day to day, on a voyage with his wife during the summer of 1897, around the Horn from New York to San Francisco, in one of the finest American ships afleat. It is written well, and it rivals the Red Record in realism.

On Feb. 20, 1899, a new seamen's law went into effect, which contains a very few good and quite a number of inane and ridiculous provisions—some of the latter contradicting and annulling each other. Allotment of wages is reduced from four payments of \$10 each to one payment of a month's wages. This lessens the

small-sized dog, there has been substituted a scale of provisions surprising in its variety and generosity. If properly cooked, this list would run an ordinary boarding house, and its difficult to conceive how owners will evade this scale. Coffee is prescribed in the "green berry," with sugar enough to sweeten it. This eliminates the beauty of the beauty for the provision beauty and to see the content of the content of the second to see the content of sugar enough to sweeten it. This eliminate the bootleg decoction heretofore served to sai ors. Water is still limited to four quarts a day ors. Water is still limited to four quarts a day, which is not enough, in hot weather, of this cheapest of earthly constituents; but in view of the splendid square meals (provided the cook is a cook) now coming to a class of starved and scurvy-tainted men, who would take exception to one item? The lawmakers who compiled this list must have done so before dinner, when empty stomachs enlivened their imagination. But they could not have been, and in altrobability they were not, very thirsty. Good luck to them! May they never be thirsty!

Men can no longer be imprisoned in an American port for quitting their berths; the penalty is merely loss of clothes and wages due. In foreign ports the imprisonment is lessened from three

orts the imprisonment is lessened from thre nonths to one—a distinct improvement which can still be improved upon.

months to one—a distinct improvement, which can still be improved upon.

All forms of corporal punishment are abolished, which means that it is no longer lawful to punish a man with cat-o-nine-tails, fists, belaying pins or capstan bars. But where is the skipper or mate going to sea to-day who will concern himself with this restriction, even though another provision of the law makes the captain liable in civil damages for permitting the escape of an officer who anticipates complaint and arrest. They will say, as they have said for generations, "To hades with the law" and will go bravely on, confident of official sanction and sympathy in the pleasant work of man crippling and killing.

Just after the going into force of this law the ships Governor Robie and State of Maine sailed from New York for Hong Kong. Their crews are now filtering back by transport and tramp steamer with tales of bloody horror equal to any in "The Red Record" or in Paul Eve Stevenson's book. They were scratch crews of landsmen; and they fought back; and the stories make humorous reading for the casual reader of the news.

But why did not the Hong Kong Consul, who was appealed to, enforce the new law? There is not space for the answer.

After this rather pessimistic view of the power of the law, it is only fair to the reader to give what the writer believes to be the only remedy for brutality on board American ships—the establishment of school ships in each study seamen and officers, without becom-

ing brutalized.

By this means, and by no other, may the second of the s

# Western Kansas Farmers Alarmed at the Ex

tent of the Towns of the Little Animals. ABILENE, Kan., April 19.- The farmers of western Kansas have on their hands a new plague that of the prairie dog. Thousands of the odd little creatures have been captured and taken East for show purposes, but the people of the plains have come to consider them a nuisance. It is no unusual thing to see a town that is a collection of hees all inhabited by the dogs, which covers a whole sec tion of land, a space a mile square. As a result the vegetation is eaten down to the bare earth and the land becomes valuless for the cattlemen. Then the animals make foraging trips into the grain

near by and cause much damage in that way. The prairie dog is small, scarcely larger than very large rat sometimes, but he is a very keenwitted creature. When the growth of grain or grass seems likely to cause him trouble in seeing approaching visitors he straightway proceeds to cut it down. He goes into the millet and corn fields and nibbles at the grain near the bottom of

approaching visitors he straightway proceeds to cut it down. He goes into the millet and corn fields and nibbles at the grain near the bottom of the stalks and the tall grain tumbles as if it were cut by a machine. The prairie dog does not eat the grain he cuts, but seems to wish it out of the way in order that the lookouts posted around every town may see if strangers are approaching.

Every town seems to be laid out with care and there is in each a central hole which is dug down until it reaches water. Sometimes it is necessary to dig for scores of feet, but the little animals never falter and they are always supplied with this needful adjunct to their dwelling-places. It is perhaps because of the difficulty of digging these wells that they are all the time branching out and some of the towns cover hundreds of acres. They have grown amazingly since the opening of the West to settlement both because of the added supply of food that came from the scattering of grain and because many of the wild animals that preyed on them have been swept away. Now the problem of cating for themis up to the farmer, and he looks at it much as the Eastern man does at that of the English sparrow.

J. B. Perry of Oberlin, one of the leading farmers of northwest Kansas, tells of his experience in this matter. Thad a town of two sections on my land and there was so steady a grewth that I was in danger of losing the most valuable part of the farm. The pasture was ruined and the grains adjoining the town on all sides were destroyed far into the fields. I soaked a lot of corn in arsenic solution and then went along the town with my hired men, taking regular beats until we had gone over it all, putting in each hole a small portion of the poisoned grain. We covered the hole as we went along, the task beling a slow one, to be sure, but thorough. The animals seemed to eat the grain for out of the town fully two-thirds of the holes were never opened. The dogs ate the corn and died in their homes. Then we went over the land again and went thou

animais and the farmers are afraid of it. Strychnine solution and corn are a common combination and this is dropped in the holes as before.

The farmers of northwest Kansas are considering a convention to discuss the best and surest means of getting rid of the pests. The theory that the sand hill own is a dweller in the hole with the prairie dog and there exists a happy family arrangement between them is disproved by frequent investigation. The owls live in deserted holes sometimes as do the rattlesnakes of the uplands, but they are not at home when the snappy little prairie dog is making himself numerous.

## little prairie dog is making himself numer

From the Two Republics. There are plenty of snakes in Samoa, but they are all harmless. In certain districts it is a custom of the native girls to wind live rep-tiles around their necks and arms as ornaments for their dances.

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OUTLAW BUCKING BRONCOS.

HORSES WITH A BAD STREAK THAT CAN'T BE REMEDIED. Experiences of T. Harry Shannon as a Cow boy Before He Became a Street-Cleaning

Superintendent-Bucking Horses Always Dangerous-Long Fall of a Bronco Four men sat in the cafe of an uptown hotel discussing the ways and habits of animals. All of them were more or less interested in the subject, for one was a hunter of big game, the second the owner of many racehorses a third was George Arstingall perhaps the most experinced ele phant trainer now living, and the last was T. Harry Shannon of the Street Cleaning Depart-

ment of this city. "Half the performing animals we see aren" really trained to anything but immediate fear of the trainer, I suppose," said the racing man. "What makes you think that?" asked Arsun

"I've noticed them leap and snarl at the traine as he was leaving the cage." "All training," said the elephant trainer

"They're taught to do that just as they're taugh to stand up on their hind legs and jump through a hoop. An educated animal does practically nothing while his trainer is in the cage that isn' in direct obedience to the man.'

"It's a pity that sort of thing can't be done with horses," remarked the racing man. "I could win more races if my horses were that well behaved.

"I'm not a sharp on horses,"returned Arstingall. but I venture to say that it's as true of them as of any other animal. Of course your racing horses are out of the reckoning in a way, for they'r always at the top of condition and too full of spirits to be easily manageable."

"You're talking about cart horses, then," suggest ed the hunter, smiling. "Have you ever come across the bronco on his own plains?" "Take that very bronco when in captivity," re-

plied Arstingall. "What happens then? He's trained just as my elephants are trained except that he's taught to make a bluff at viciousness At last that's always been my idea. To look at the broncos in Buffalo Bill's show, for instance you'd think that they were possessed of the very

"And I guess they are unless they've changed the breed," interrupted Shannon. "I don't suppose you have any broncos in the Street Cleaning Department, Mr. Shannon," said

Arstingall. "No and I hope we never will have. We've go dagoes and hoboes, but no broncos. My exper ience with them doesn't come from the depart ment. I've handled them in the West and they've handled me, too, sometimes. "But I was talking of the broncos that are brought

on here for show purposes." "Same thing," said the other. "I've handled them, too. I was with the Wild West show for nearly five years and then had to quit because of the injuries from those very animals that you think are so beautifully trained. Anything that you might say about elephants would go with me, Mr. Arstingall. If you told me that an elephant could be taught to whistle through his trunk I'd say all right, that you undoubtedly knew more about it than any other man, for I know your reputation; but in the matter of broncos I don't believe you speak from actual experience.

"That's very true, I don't; I only judge from omparison of the specimens I have seen with other animals. Do you mean to say that all the performances those little beasts go through in the ring are the result of pure, innate devilishness?" "Just that. Have any of you ever had any experience with the bronco on the plains, the real bucking bronco, I mean, for of course only a few broncos are real buckers, though all the breed is hard to manage.

"I've tackled them in my younger days," said the hunting man, "and I've done the skyrocket act off their backs to the great joy of an enthusiastic if not exactly admiring audience."

"Well, if you tackled the show bronco you'd find him the same as the open air variety; a little worse, perhaps, for Col. Cody has always had an unpleasant faculty of getting the very worse outlaws that the bronco tribe affords.

"How does a bronco get to be a bucker?" asked the elephant trainer. "I've always supposed it was a natural trait that could be licked out of the beast "Not while there's life in him,"was the emphatic

reply. "You may have noticed, sir," he added, turning to the racing man, "that you can't teach a horse anything unless he has his head up. The horseman nodded. "Well, the bronco doesn't have his head up. The minute a hand is laid upon him, if he is a bucker, down goes his head between his knees. He doesn't get to be a bucker, he's born that way. There's a streak of it in every bronco, but you can train it out of all except the outlaws. They're bad from the first, and an experienced hand soon finds out that there's no use trying to train them to any use. That's the kind of beast that eventually finds his way to the Wild West show. Very few persons know anything of the habits or traits of the Western bronco. I have been often asked even by experienced Eastern horsemen whether the broncos with Col. Cody's show have been taught to pitch and buck and I have wondered how these men would feel about it if they had to ride them around a walled arena as I have so often, each moment wondering whether I would get off without a broken arm or leg. They aren't trained to do anything. Their devilish characteristics are as natural to the animal as sleeping. For a number of years I was a coupuncher in the West and had opportunities to observe the peculiar habits and disposition of the Western horse. He is naturally vicious; even as a colt he will strike, bite and kick and show, a disposition to buck and pitch if you lay a hand on him.

"The bronco is allowed to roam widely and is never handled until he is about 4 years old, except when branded as a yearling. At the age of 1 he is broken to the saddle and almost linvariably tries to unseat his rider. Most of the bronco will buck a few times, but will eventually become tractable. A few, however, are never conquered and these are the ones we call outlaws. You can see the natural disposition of the bronco to smash himself and his rider up in any place where bronco riding is practised. Out of twenty-five cowboys employed in the Wild West in one of the seasons while I was with the exhibition more than one-third were disabled. The bucking bronco while in the act of bucking becom a horse anything unless he has his head up. The horseman nodded, "Well, the bronco doesn't

of injury are, of course, much less than in a con

mine with an outlaw in the open where the chances of injury are, of course, much less than in a confined arens:

"While on a round-up of cattle in the south-western part of Wyoming among the Khiawa Mountains we were on a drive and the round up ground was a large plateau at Goshen Flole. The country is very rough at the edge of the plateau and there's a prespice of about three hundred feet dropping sheer into the bole. On this day I lead for a mount an outlaw bronce which had been ridden for two or three years, always at the perflict of the rider, for there was ne telling at what moment the evil nature of the beast would break out. This animal differed from the common cuttlaw in that his demonish nature seemed to strike him by fits. He was a very cunning varmint. His reputation as a bad horse was widely known. Beginning his tricks when least expected and sayly taking advantage of every chance to dislodge his rider, he had already laid up a number of the cow-punchers in that locality. When he started to buck he made a sensation for he was a wonderful performer. The ground would fairly fly up and hit you in the face. On the day that I'm telling about while we were all busy trying to keep the cattle bunched, a yearling started out of the herd bound for freedom.

"I started after it as it was making at full speed toward the precipice. I ran alongside of the critter trying to turn it back into the herd, but it stubbornly kept on its way, and as I leaned over to hit it across the nose with my broad hat it stubbornly kept on its way, and as I leaned over to hit it across the nose with my broad hat and turn it, my outlaw took advantage of my posture and started bucking. He continued to buck and at every jump drew nearer the precipice. When within about fifty feet of it I concluded When within about fifty feet of it I concluded that he was going over the edge and to save myself I let loose my hold and fell back over his haunches. The outlaw kept right on and went head first over the precipice. It was every inch of a 300-foot drop. The cow punchers said that he was tough enough to survive that, but he didn't. There wasn't enough let of him for identification at the bottom. Every bone in his body was broken, and even my saiddle, when I went down to get it, was torn into shreds. The kind of beast that will commit suicide over a 300-foot drop isn't an animal that you can discourage by any kind of punishment.

broncos, and give you a chance to convince yourse if that it's all true."

"I'd like a front seat for that," said the horseman and the hunter in the same breath.

"No hurry," said Arstingall, drily. "I don't
think that performance is likely to come off for
a long time."

MADAGASCAR'S PROGRESS. Roads Are Building, Maps Are Making and

There Are Many Other Signs of Progress.

When Madagascar became a French posse ion France acquired one of the finest and most fruitful islands in the world, and the fourth in size, for it is surpassed in area only by Green land, New Guinea and Borneo. All the world will watch with interest the efforts of the French to make the most they can of their great acquisition. In a number of ways they have done great deal to improve communications and carry out other works needful for the development of the island. A great deal still remains to be done, but the work is being pushed with zeal and in telligence, and it will be interesting to recount the progress making in some important direc-

In the first place, the French have greatly im proved the route between the chief sea port, Tama tave, on the east coast, and the capital, Antananarivo, in the centre of the island. This is the chief trade route of the country, and two years ago it cost about \$75 to move a ton of freight between these two points, a distance of 180 miles by the omewhat circuitous route. Many thousands of dollars have been expended in making a good wagon road from Tamatave to the capital, and though this finely graded road is not yet completed it is far advanced.

Another great enterprise, begun two years ago, will be completed before the end of this year, though the French Madagascar Company, by the terms of its contract with the Colonial Office has four years more to finish the work. The road from Tamatave to Antananarivo runs for sixty miles, or one-third of the distance, south along the east coast. There is a series of lakes and streams between Tamatave and Andovo ranto, where the road turns inland, and between these water features are hillocks. All that was needed to be done was to cut canals through these hil locks and thus join the lakes, and there would be a fine waterway for sixty miles. There are five of these hills and the total distance to be excavated was about 8,300 feet. More than half of the route was opened to boats in May last year, and up to Nov. 1, 8,000 passengers had been carried and about thirty tons of merchandise passed along the water route every day. As oon as the route is completed to Andoveranto this fall that point instead of Tamatave will be the starting place for the caravans, which will then be only 120 miles from the capital. The enterprise is owned by the French Government and no subsidy was given to the company that s carrying it out. It shows the faith which all who have visited Madagascar possess in the future of the country that this company was willing to canalize this waterway without rereiving a cent of money, the entire compensation being covered by a grant of 160,000 acres of land.

The canal will not interfere in any way with the projected railroad from Tamatave to Antana-The preliminary survey for this rail

road has been made, but some years may clapse before it is built.

Up to the time of the French occupancy there were no ways of communication in Madagascar except very poor paths, which the natives themselves often found it difficult to utilize. The French have now completed a wagon road between the capital and Majunga, the largest port on the west coast; and the wagon route building from the capital to Tamatave will be a royal high way in comparison with any other highway Madaway in comparison with any other h way in comparison with any other highway Mada-gascar has possessed. Substantial bridges are

way in comparison with any other highway Madagascar has possessed. Substantial bridges are
being thrown across the streams on the route,
a great deal of levelling and filling in is being
done to reduce the grade and the road will be
a fine hard highway where vehicles may pass one
another at any point; and it will be fit for the
heaviest freightage or the lightest carriage.

Meanwhile Gen. Gallien is making good progress with the geographical and cartographic
labors which he began in 1897. It is the intention
to make a fine map of the entire island, but, of
course, it will require years to carry out this great
task. Before the French occupancy, only the
central province of Imerina, in which the capital
is situated, had been triangulated and surveyed,
all the rest of the country being scarcely known
away from the little paths that crossed it in various
directions. In November, 1896, Gen. Gallieni
established a topographic bureau at the capital,
and ever since there has been the greatest activity
in surveying and map making. Thus far the
total extent of the triangulations amounts to
868 miles. This work is necessary in order to
indicate accurately the topography of the country
on the maps. In the progress of the surveys
it has been found that many towns have been
inaccurately placed on the existing maps, and
these many errors are being corrected. The naccurately placed on the existing maps, and hese many errors are being corrected. The gascar is the "Notes, Reconnissances et Explora-tions," which is printed monthly at Antananarivo. The work in 1898 made two volumes with 1,600 pages and more than one hundred maps and tables all of which were produced in Madaga

#### THE BOERS AT ST. HELENA Quarters Occupied by Cronje's Soldiers the Little Volcanic Island.

On Sunday last the Boer prisoners were landed at Jamestown, on the north side of St. Helena. It was undoubtedly a great event for the people ving on that isolated rock. They seldom see strangers now. Before the Suez Canal was built Jamestown was of great importance as a coaling and supply station, but now it is far off the route of vessels. If it were not for an occasional whaler which drops into port for a fresh supply of water and provisions the island would be almost aban

living on the island; but many hundreds of them. failing to earn a living there, have gone to Cape olony, and when the Boerslanded on Sunday they increased the population fully one-third. So large an influx has never been seen before.

When the prisoners entered the harbor they saw little town, only a quarter of a mile wide and less than a mile in length, squeezed into a narrow valley between two hills that rise to a height of about six hundred feet on either side. The nill on the west slopes steeply to the town and a flight of nearly seven hundred steps, cut in the face of the rock, leads to the flat plateau above This eminence is known as Ladder Hill on account of the flight of stone steps. The plateau is threequarters of a mile wide near the sea and narrower as it penetrates the mountains on either side The seaward part of it is covered with military buildings and the plateau is known as Deadwood Plain. This is where the Boers were sent into camp on St. Helena.

Jamestown lies at their feet on the east and in rent they have a beautiful view of the sea from point of vantage 600 feet above the ocean. All the year round the southeast trades blow steadily. out the hill range through the centre of the island shelters the prisoners from the winds, which are sometimes violent, though always warm. They have arrived, however, in the early days of the austral winter, and are probably witnessing a larger rainfall now than they ever saw before The heaviest rains, however, will soon pass, and as far as weather and climate are concerned, the prisoners could hardly wish for a more agreeable abiding place

looking directly east across the hills and the ntervening valleys the Boers may perhaps be able to catch a glimpse of Longwood, three and a half miles from their camp, which is famous as the home in which Napoleon, prisoner of England, passed the last six years of his life. Longwood stands on another plateau, extending nearly to the sea on the east and with two or three long arms running up into the mountains. It was on this nearly flat plateau that Napoleon took his daily strolls, enjoying, in some sort, the period of calm that succeeded the long years of war and political convulsion in which he was the commanding figure. If the Boers are remitted to stroll inland as far as the plateau they occupy extends, they will be within two miles of Longwood and a mile and a half from the Valley of the Tomb, where Napoleon's body reposed under a clump of willows until it was removed to Paris in 1840; and now it rests under the dome of the Invalides. From Deadwood Plain, however, it is not likely that the lower portion of the Valley of the Tomb can be seen and so the willows under which the great Corsican was buried are hidden from view. as the home in which Napoleon, prisoner of Eng-

can be seen and so the willows under which the great Corsican was buried are hidden from view.

From the Boer camp there is no road leading to Longwood or the famous valley near it, but to reach the spot where Napeleon spent his last years it is necessary to climb Rupert's Hill by the steep road which surmounts it on the east side of Jamestown and leads to the valley and the little house where Napeleon lived and died.

Jamestown is the only town on the island. It has never been thought worth while to build a town on the south coast, for no vessels could safely visit a town there, as the waves raised by the southeast trades break on that steep shore with great fury. On the north side of the island in the lee of the winds, where the Boers are kept, the surface of the sea is usually calm.

Perhaps many of the Boers will not mind the isolation of their prison home as much as the people of other races might do for most of them are accustomed to the comparative silence of their great cattle ranches, where they seldom see strangers and do not care to meet them, though all comers are hospitably welcomed when they appear. Of course none of the prisoners can escape from St. Helena as a number of them did from their camp near Simon Town, Cape Colony. The see around them hems the captives in more effectively than any prison wall.

GOLD IN WEST AUSTRALIA

NEARLY ALL THE BIG FINDS THERE HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL. The Colony Was Thought to Be Almost Worth-

less in 1885, but Now It Is One of the Greatest Gold Producers Romantic Discovery of Some of the Famous Diggings. No other mining enterprises on the Australian ontinent have for some years attracted so much ittention as those in the colony of West Australia. t was not until fifteen years ago that gold was known to exist in this vast region. All who had visited it could see little but desert plains, except a fringe of tertility along the coast, and they did not believe that West Australia would

ever be turned to much account. But in 1885 things began to boom in this un promising land, and in less than a year 2,000 men from far and wide were gathered in the region where gold had been discovered. This was in the Kimberley district, far north and 400 miles inland. A party of six men were out to see what they might find, and just beyond the junction of the Panton and Elvire rivers they found gold, and in five days collected ten ounces of the precious dust. This first discovery, however, did not prove brilliantly successful, for the alluvial gold was not very plentiful, the district could be reached only by a trying deserourney and provisions went up to starvation prices. The field was finally abandoned to arge extent, though fair returns are obtained by the miners who remained there.

Nearly all the great gold discoveries in this olony have been purely accidental. One day in 1888 a lad, picking up a stone to throw at a crow, observed a speck of gold in it. This was the discovery of the Mallina gold field. About the same time four large nuggets were fairly stumbled over in what is now known as the Pil barra mining district. Various other discoveries were made up to 1892, when the finding of gold in the now famous Coolgardie region attracted the attention of the whole world. The best pay ing diggings previous to this time were at Nan nine, in the Murchison district, where a small party of prospectors found gold, kept the discovery quiet as long as possible and took out as much as 190 ounces of dust in a single day. The discovery of gold at Coolgardie was quite

comantic In May or June, 1892, two prospectors, Bayley and Ford, after a long and fruitles search in this wild country, picked up a nugget weighing half an ounce. They were in camp at a native well which the aborigines called Coolgardie. A little later in the day they picked up a seven-ounce nugget and in a few weeks gathered about 200 ounces of nuggets. By this time their food supplies were exhausted, and after going to Southern Cross to replenish them they returned to Coolgardie without mentioning their discovery Good luck still attended their further search One morning they discovered a quartz ledge that was full of nuggets, and that day, using a hatchet to break down the rock, they knocked out 500 ounces of gold. It was not possible for them much longer to conceal the news of their bo nanza, but the facts were not learned until they had secured 2,000 ounces. The reason they could no longer keep their secret was that when they needed supplies thay had to pay nuggets for them, and when miners know this they are bound to find out where the nuggets come from. At the present time Coolgardie is a town of over

10.000 inhabitants. It is one of the great gold-mining centres in the world. A few months ago. mining centres in the world. A few months ago, a mining and industrial exhibition was held at Coolgardie and the finest specimens of auriferous oras ever collected were there. But Coolgardie is now surpassed by some other diggings in the colony. In June, 1893, Hannan's, now ous ores ever collected were there. But Coolgardie is now surpassed by some other diggings
in the colony. In June, 1893, Hannan's, now
known as Kalgoorlie, was brought to light. A
few prospectors, among them a man named Hannan, camped at Mount Charlotte and were searchning for water for their horses. While thus engaged, Mr. Hannan found gold, and in three days
the party secured 100 ounces. This was the
beginning of the richest gold field in West Australia and at present from 10,000 to 15,000 people
are making a good living in and around the city,
which has electric illumination and boasts one of
the finest hotels in the southern hemisphere.
Then in June, 1894, the Londonderry district
was brought to light, and, as usual, its discovery
was purely accidental. Six men had been prospecting for months without any success and they
were returning, discouraged, to Coolgardie. On
their way they camped for the night in the bush
and next morning a quartz specimen was found.
This but of good luck induced them to look care. their way they canned for the light in the bush and next morning a quartz specimen was found. This bit of good luck induced them to look care-fully around and they soon discovered a splendid quartz ledge, or ref. as they call it, and that day they knocked out 1,000 ounces of gold and in a

gold to the value of about \$80,000.

But a still more sensational find was coming and this was the Wealth of Nations Mine. An and this was the Wealthof Nations Mine. In July, 1894, a prospector named Dunn set out from Coolgardie, and after travelling about twenty-eight miles he came across a large ledge appearing above the ground, which, strange to say, no one had previously observed. After testing the rock he secured a large specimen of it, which was found to contain 800 ounces of gold, worth \$12,-800. He kept his mouth shut, went quietly to work, dug out \$60,000 worth of gold and then unobtrusively returned to Coolgardie with most of the metal hidden in the pack saddle of his camel. He placed the gold in the bank, applied for a lease and hurried back as quietly as possible. Some way, however, the news got out and over 500 men left Coolgardie on the lucky miner's trail. There was some difficulty in restraining them from rushing the whole diggings, but no actual disturbance occurred. The property was afterward sold for \$735,000.

ward sold for \$735,000

Many other discoveries of lesser magnitude howe been made and new finds are continually occurring. Some of the new locations, as at Dundes, Lawlers, Mount Margaret and many other places, are very rich and give brilliant promise for the future. There is every prospect that West Australia will long continue to be one of the greatest mining centres of the world. West Australia will long continue to be one of the greatest mining centres of the world. A few figures will show the present prosperity of this industry in this formerly despised colony. The gold output in 1890 was valued at only \$430. 000 In 1898 it had risen to \$19,953,395. For the nine months ending Sept 30, 1899, it amounted to \$22,000,000. For the month of September alone it was \$3,174,450, being more than \$50,000 over the best previous monthly record.

BEING THE ICE MAN.

### One of Them Tells Why His Vocation Is No Perennial Picnic.

From the Boston Evening Transcrip

A hundred members of the Massachusetts Ice Dealers' Association met and dined at the Hotel Bellevue to-day, it being their second annual affair of this nature. The President of the association, the Hon. William M. Eaton of Quincy presided. Speaking of the ice business, Elmer H. Bright of Boston, Secretary and Treasurer of the association, said:

"The ice men differ in business from almost any other line. Their acquaintance with one another has been limited; so last year we resolved that it would be a benefit to all to meet once year and discuss the ice situation. I do not be ieve there is any business done where the amoun of money invested is so large and the profit so comparatively small as it is in ours. The prices of iron, lumber, horses, and all the material that goes to make up an ice plant, have had consid erable advance, but the price of ice has not advanced a cent. There are a number of men in he business who are in very good circumstances

vanced a cent. There are a number of men in the business who are in very good circumstances, but you will find that they are all men well along in years, who made their money years ago, when profit was greater. Conditions since then have changed materially. The large customers had their ice boxes on the floors of their stores or places; now they are so high up that where in former years one man could do the work it takes two now, and in a great many cases more. This, of course, all means a very considerable increase in cost of putting out ice, and labor in our business is one of the greatest problems that we have to deal with.

"The public, as a class, is very inconsiderate. I do not know that it intends to be but I supposed it is through thoughtlessness. If the people would stop and think that they, like their neighbors, want a much larger quantity of ice on hotomornings in summer, particularly Saturday and Monday, and that for this reason it takes so much longer to deliver the ice. I think they would be reasonable and not feel abused at a little waiting. "We are able to load on wagonsonly about one half of the ice that the icehouse holds; in some places not over 40 per cent. Our teams, starting out very early in the morning and not getting in in hot weather until very late at night, make it a hard business to follow and handle. The ice man has plenty to do in the very hottest and the very coldest weather. On the whole, it is not a business offering untold inducements to men to go into it."

### She Wont Have to Join the Club From Harper's Bazar.

"Now, honestly, Maud, didn't Jack propose last evening?"
"Why, y-e-e-es! But how did you guess?"
"Inoticed that you didn't have that worried

The Woman's Page of the Sunday Sun and The Evening Sun presents a field to the advertiser of ladies' supplies that has never been offered before. The quality of the matter of interest to women makes both papers desirable as advertising mediums.—Adv.

OUT OF THE LUMBER CAMPS. The Return of the Maine Woodsmen Fre

From the Boston Herald.

The picturesque woodsmen of Maine are now parading the streets of Bangor, clad in strange garb and jingling in their pockets the rewards of a long winter of the hardest kind of work. Their coming to town has given an impetus to business and general gayety The men who hire out in the fall to chop logs, swamp roads or tend sleds in the woods need o have strength, first-class appetites and a happy disregard of numerous inconveniences in the manner of living. They have to put up with the baked beans twenty-one times a week

in the logging camps.

The men who go into the woods at wages ranging from \$20 to \$30 a month take the jobs. not because they like them, but because in winter time they can get nothing better. Years ago, when wages were much higher than now most of the Penobscot logs were cut by Bangor men and residents of towns along the river men of family, who were among the most respectable of the laboring classes, and most of whom brought their wages, or a good part of the money, home. Nowadays the logging crews are made up of young men of Bangor and other river towns, and of men from the maritime provinces, few of whom are married, and still fewer of whom seem to know the value of the money that they earn by months of hard work in the woods. They "go in" along in November and December, and begin to "come out" in March, the main body coming down to

Bangor, where all hands are paid off in April. It takes about 4,500 men to harvest the Pen obscot River log crop, and a large proportion of these come to Bangor in the spring to get their pay and have a good time. Many of them, after months of enforced sobriety far from any settlement, seem to feel in duty bound when they reach Bangor to have a big spree. This annual spree of the loggers is not so general or so violent as formerly, the crews appearing to grow "tamer", as the police say every year; but while their money lasts they make Exchange street lively enough, in any year, and this is the harvest time for the saloon keepers, the boarding house keepers and

he dealers in ready-made clothing. Every day the trains from the north and bring down scores of woodsmen, and the railroad stations are thronged with board-ing house runners and drummers for cloth-ing stores, and also the "bunners," who see in the return of the loggers bright prospects for unlimited liquid refreshments. It is an affecting welcome that this latter class ex-tends to the woodsmen. The latter are as-sured that they are looking well, and that they are the best men who ever went up the West. sured that they are looking well, and that they are the best men who ever went up the West branch. The first thing the returning woodsman wants is a drink, and when he drinks everybody in the house is counted in. The saloonkeeper sees to it that there are a good many in the house, for the more who drink the health of the loggers the larger will be his profits.

The clothing store man generally gets the logger's ear before he has been long in town.

logger's ear before he has been long in town, and the result is that the logger is fitted out with a ready-made suit at a good price Then the boarding house man has his turn, and, as he sells both victuals and drink, he stands the best chance of getting the lion's share of the logger's wages.
For a few weeks the saloons will do a thriv-

For a few weeks the saloons will do a thriving business and the boarding houses will resound with the songs of the woodsmen—"John Ross," a stirring lyric descriptive of experiences at Suncook, and other ballads filled with the praises of woods heroes, all sung to rollicking airs and with an energy that disturbs the sleepers on the next block. There is one song, "The Island Boys," which is dear to the hearts of the natives of Prince Edward Island, and this has been parodied by a local balladist. When a native logger wishes to annoy the "P. E. Ls.," as the islanders are called, he will tune up with the exasperating parody on their pet song, beginning:

Oh, the boys of the Island they feel discontent. Oh, the boys of the Island they feel discontent. For it's dult times at home and they can't make

cent; So says Rory to Angus: "Here we're doing no good, Let's go over to Bangor and work in the woods."

The term "P. E. I.s" is applied generally to all men from the British provinces. They are big, strapping fellows, very good-natured, but they have always been held in contempt by the native loggers because they have been the means of lowering the rate of wages on the Penobscot River. Latterly these provincials have come to be known as the "Rories" and the "Anguses," because so many of them bear the name of Rory or Angus. They are mostive for south extraction, and are largely McDonbear the name of Rory or Angus. They are mos ly of Scotch extraction, and are largely McDou alds, McDougalls, McIntyres, McPherson Camerons, McPhees, McBeths and McIlroys. This year the woodsmen have received abou 20 per cent. more pay than in 1899, but sti-after deducting the "wangan" bill, they haven 20 per cent. more pay than in 1899, but still, after deducting the "wangan" bill, they haven, a great deal left to show for their winter's work. The wangan is a sort of supply store kept in every woods camp. The wangan keeper, who is generally the operator himself or a deputy, sells stockings, mittens, woollen shirts, moccasins, rubber boots and shoes, tobacco, playing cards and a lot of other things. The wangan prices are nearly as high as those prevailing in the Klondike. The loggers have no money in the woods, and it is all a credit transaction.

In a few weeks most of the woodsmen will have spent all their money, and will be looking for jobs on the log drives, where the season is shorter and the work, although more hazardous, better paid. Every year some of the river drivers are drowned. It is more dangerous to drive logs in quick waters than it is to take part in some wars. The bodies of drowned drivers are buried along the banks of the river with little wooden slabs or crosses to mark

Michigan and Huron, 573 for Erie and but 247 for Ontario. Superior is far the deepest, with Michigan second. Ontario is close on its heels, being within a few feet of Huron, while Erie is so shallow that its greatest depth is thirty-six feet less than the midlake depth of Michigan between Chicago and St. Joseph. Erie can claim but 210 feet extreme depth.

As good an object lesson of what the lakes have to offer is the course between Chicago and St. Joseph. Mich. The coast is measured from the lights of the two harbors. Beginning from this side the Government pier, already quite a way out, has a depth of some thirty six feet. The lake shoals on this side so that the extreme depth of the spoon is a triffe beyond the middle of the fifty-seven mile course. It drops rapidly, however, from sixteen in the river to 246 out in the lake. But on the other side, within a couple of miles of the shore, the depth drops from twenty-four feet to 166 with frightful rapidity. By the time the second song is sung leaving St. Joseph the singer is over some forty fathoms of water.

Superior, if reduced to the sea level, would be robbed of two-thirds of its dimensions. The extreme depth is well east of the middle line. Michigan has her greatest depth, 1,000 feet up, toward the Straits. Huron is less than eight hundred, while Erie is very shallow. Ontario has a depth of 735 feet, owing to the Falls of Niagara. If all were brought to sea level, Erie would be 500 feet above, Michigan would be a couple of ponds, Huron almost out of it. Superior a lake not much larger than many another, and Ontario the largest of the system.

#### A Hen's Preferences as to Colors From the Indianapolis Journal. ELEHART, Ind., April 13.-Hundreds of Elk-

nart shoppers have been amused and considerably interested every afternoon this week in an exhibition which revealed a decided distinction in regard to color by a fussy hen, which, with her brood, has been displayed in a druggist's window as an Easter egg dye advertisement. The druggist dyed the twenty chicks, some red, some brown, blue, violet, green and yellow. The hen, a big Piymouth Rock, evinces a remarkabity violent dislike for the little fellows who wear the red and brown and fights them from her. She regards the others with varying degrees of favor and is particularly fond of the violet-hued offspring, though it would be natural to suppose that the yellow ones, being nearer the natural color, would meet with the most pronounced favor. As night comes on and the difference in colors becomes less noticeable, the hea's antipathy gradually lessens, and by the time the electric lights are turned on she has all of the twenty snuggled under her wings. Daylight, however, brings on a renewal of the manifestations. in regard to color by a fussy hen, which, with

HAYS CITY'S LIVELY DAYS.

KANSAS TOWN WHERE MEN DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

Reminiscences Evoked by the Transfer of Fort Hays-Trivial Causes Leading to Murder - Wild Bill Hickok's Exploits

The Great Killing-City Changed Now, DODGE CITY, Kan., April 11.-The decision of Congress to give old Fort Hays to the State of Kansas for use as a branch of the State Agricultural College has started a flood of reminiscences. The fort was named in honor of Gan. Alexander Hays, who lost his life in the battle of the Wilderness in 1864. In 1872 it was the most important post in all this region. Generals Custer, Pope, Forsythe, Lawton, Otis, Wood and Shafter all did military service here. It figured very prominently in the reports of the Indian wars of the early 70s. During the last days of the administration of President Grant and upon the recommendation of Gen. Sherman the fort was vacated, the Indians having been permanently subdued. For twenty five years the post buildings have been deserted

The reminiscences referred to relate to the early stormy days of the town of Hays City, which sprang up to the north under the protection of the garrison. The visitor finds little in the pretty, law-abiding and moral Hays City of to-day to suggest the excitement, wickedness and wanton waste of human life that made it notorious during the latter 70s and early 80s. In 1876 there were eight murders there in one month. and not even a trial of any murderer. Hays City started with the building of the first transcontinental railroad across the plains All the border characters who had followed the construction of the railroad westward went to Hays City. then known as Fort Hays. There was neither law nor order there for two years and a balf after the town sprang up. All the vicious, deprayed people on the frontier who preyed on the railroad laborers and cowboys were at Hays City at some time between 1870 and 1876. When the railroad construction had moved westward Hays City became an exclusively cosboy town. Ninetyfive per cent of all the men in Hays City went armed. Merchants had their sleeping rooms walled in with extra boards and galvanized irea to protect themselves from stray bullets. The precaution was necessary. The dancing girls who comprised women from 14 to 50 years went to Hays City from all over the West. Rows of saloons and gambling houses were run openly and at full blast day and night, week after week

There were murderers by the score in Hays City. Wild Bill Hickok was the boss killer in Hays City. He boasted that he had killed seven teen white men in his day. Bill Masterson, now of Denver, was in Hays City for two years. He had the reputation of having slain four men be fore he reached the town and he increased the number by two men in Hays City. Over in a sun-baked cemetery on a side hill, west of Hays City, lie all who died in the town until 1880. There are about 240 graves, and nearly ninety of them were filled by tragedies of some sort. It got its name, Boot Hill, thirty years ago, because so many of its occupants died with their boots on In one grave a woman and three men, who killed one another in a brawl about winnings at farwere buried together. The bodies were carried directly from the dance hall where they fell to the grave. Four miles south of Hays City, on the farm of a prosperous Russian, stands a cottonwood tree tone of the very few trees in the locality thirty years ago) on which five persons were lynched. Only slight provocation was needed for murder

The Empire Hotel, a frame structure with a few bunks and much room for a saloon and gambling. was the scene of a sample shooting affair. One day in December, 1873, a gambler named Lewis, from Chicago, had a dispute with the bartender Irish Jim Daly, about how rich was a friend of theirs in a dance hall down the street. Lewis ran to the door, and, turning, drew his pistol and fired at Daly. The latter snatched his pisto from behind the bar and returned the fire. This was kept up until both men had emptied their pistols, and then Daly, being mortally wounded, went to the back of the saloon, laid himself out upon the billiard table and died. A little stage driver named Freeland decided to take a hand in the fighting. His only weapon was a single barrelled, muzzle-loading pistol. Taking this in his hand, he rushed up behind Lewis an at the distance of only a few yards, shot him waiting to see the result of his shot, he droppe his weapon and fled. Lewis, who happened to be wearing a heavy overcoat, did not even know that he had been hit, and continued his main fight as if nothing had happened. When about a mile from town the fleeing Freeland met some men and reported that he had killed Lewis

In the woods, and it is all a credit transaction.

In a tew weeks most of the woodsmen will have spent all their money, and will be looking for jobs on the log drives, where the season is shorter and the work, although more hazardous, better paid. Every year some of the river to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick waters than it dravered to drive logs in quick water the state of the dravered and tried, but a trial of three days gase him the usual acquittal. The news of the kiling dominates a crass-less routiem.

\*\*DEPTHS OF THE GREAT LAKES.\*\*

What Would Happen If Their Surfaces Were Lowered to Sea Level.

\*\*If the chain of great lakes which bound the northern limits of a portion of the United States could be brought to the level of the sea two of the chains would be practically wiped off the face of the earth. Lake Michigan would become two lakes much smaller than the present majestic body of water which lies off Chicago. Chicago ans could travel on what is now the bottom of the lake as far north as a point midway between the shores of Milwaukee and Grand Haven without seed the chain existent of the deepens as the big fresh water system. Beginning with Superior and following their feet wet.

No system of lakes presents as wide variations of extreme depth as the big fresh water system. Beginning with Superior and following the chain easier of the country of the chain water of the chain water of the chains would be considered to the sea level for Superior, 581 each for Michigan second. Ontario is close on its beds being within a few feet of Huron, while Frie is so sh

was a shot fired at the Marshal, whether by tolk or some cowboys nearby will never be known, but in an instant Wild Bill drew both his revolvers and placed two bullets in tole's breast. The sholes where they entered were not two inches apart, although the men were twenty feel from each other. The shooting emptied the neighboring saloons, and 100 or more near were enthe spot in a moment. Hickok ordered them to disperse and be quick about it, and they dispersed. Before the bystanders had fallen back far Midd Williams, who had heard, the shooting, came running up from another part of the town. Either Wild Bill did not recognize him or thought that Williams had turned against him, for, with the same unerring aim that he had just exhibited, he levelled both revolvers again and two more bullets found their mark. Williams sank bleeding to the ground.

The cowboys held a secret meeting and offered \$1.000 for the death of Hickok, but the man did not exist among their number who could earn the reward. Bill was, however, more watchful than ever, and therefore carried, in addition to his previous armament, a double barrelled shaking un with the barrels sawed off to make the weap a about eighteen inches long. This was loaded almost to the muzzle, and was seldom out of its owner's hands, ready for instant use.

The greatest killing in Hays City occurred one night in the fail of 1871. A Missoutian named Marun was killed by an Irishman named Pat McCluskey, who was duly tried and acquited Martin's friends undertook to kill McCluskey and did so, but in the accompanying shooting four other men and one woman were killed and several others were wounded. A man on the Pat McCluskey, who was duly tried and sequited movel way. He had four six shocters on him. At the first pop of a gun he deliberately walked up to a Tevan and shot him in the eye, then the ning his arms between the arms and bedy of the dead man, used the body to protect binned and shot at will. After the fight he mouate and shot at will. After the fight he mouate and sho

of his store. Fitzpatrick went up the street three ening everybody and walked into a saleon. These he saw the city's Justice of the Peace and will out the slightest provocation or warning she him through the heart. The Marshal, Joes Johnson, had been advised that Fitzpatrick was on a raid, and started to capture him. Seeing him coming out of the saleon, Johnson rested a Winchester rifle on a well curb and taking captul sight shot him down in the street.